## The Garage of Enchantment

A Tale of Life and Love—The Prim Little Library Assistant—The Masked Dancer— Sunbury's Biggest Man.

By Samuel Merwin.

Illustrated by C. D. Batchelor.

The public library board of Sunbury held its meetings in the office that opened off the rear of the bookstacks. Here were assembled, on a certain evening in autumn, the gentlemen and ladies of that body. Mr. Overton of the bank was there, his hair was white now, his manner utterly calm. Mrs. William B. Snow, a well-preserved elder-liv lady, with views regarding proper. ly lady, with views regarding proper reading for the young, sat beside young Mr. David MacLouden, whose financial gift reached always toward funds for the new building. Miss Wombast, librarian for thirty years, being ill at this time, her place a the secretary's desk was occupied by her assistant, Miss Henrietta Brown Mr. Elberforce Jenkins presided, a tall, quiet man of perhaps forty-five who had inherited considerable wealth

and made a great deal more-a man of dignity and standing, a widower and a backer of the Chicago opera. Mr. Jenkins disposed of the business of the meeting, and the members of the board set out for their various

homes.

Left alone, Miss Brown deftly tidied up the desk, then moved about with quick, birdlike steps, replacing books and switching off the lights. During her residence in Sunbury she had come to be accepted as useful on committees, but no one ever saw her at a dance or walking with a man. She might have been under or over thirty, but must have looked an old maid at twenty. She never talked—never exhibited emotion.

She tripped briskly along Simpson street, to the rented house that she spoke of as "home." Here lived her married sister, Mrs. George C. Battie, younger than Miss Brown, faded and tired from the demands of three young children and unending houseyoung children and unending house-work.

Mrs. Battie sat darning stockings. Overhead two of the children were crying vigorously.
"What's the matter with them?" asked Miss Brown.

HER sister sighed. "George always says that if I don't let them cry it out, we'll never have any discipline here. . . . What are you going

"I wish you'd stay and talk to me. Maybe you think it doesn't get on my nerves too-with George staying in town evenings, and all the wor-

in town evenings, and all the worries... What do you do out there, anyway—all alone. Sometimes it seems as if we don't know you at all."
"You know I can't work in here."
"But if it's work, why don't we see results from it once in a while? And what kind of work needs a talking machine playing fox-trots? Have you supposed, all these years, we couldn't hear it—and wonder a little? Seems to me that you're—"
"You'd better go to bed, Mary," said Miss Brown quietly. "The music helps me with my work." And she went out through the kitchen into the back through the kitchen into the back

yard.
Miss Brown had made over the small garage at the rear into a simple den, with desk and chair, bookcases, an old-fashioned round stove, a closet

small garage at the rear into a simple door.

Small garage at the rear into a simple den, with desk and chair, bookcases, an old-fashioned round stove, a closet and an inexpensive rug that was tacked to the floor.

She bolted the door behind her, switched on the drop-light. A soft radiance shone on the desk, with its neat piles of papers and reference books. She moved about, drawing down the window shades, and put a little coal on the fire. She sank into of the piles of papers and fingered it.

But her eyes lifted to the cheap talking machine that stood on a small table between the bookcases; then strayed to the door—she seemed to be listening. A flush crept high on her thin cheeks. The nervous eyes burn-line cheeks. The nervous eyes burn-li But her eyes lifted to the chean talking machine that stood on a small table between the bookcases; then strayed to the door—she seemed to be listening. A flush crept high on her thin cheeks. The nervous cyes burned with an inner fire. She spread out a few papers, looked intently at them; then she replaced them on the pile and pushed that back in its place.

Then she disappeared behind the screen in the corner. Five minutes later she stepped out, attired in a light shirt waist and symnasium bloomers, her feet bare. And now it was evident that this little woman had the divine gift of grace.

She moved slowly, rather lazily, about the rug, flexing her muscles—drawing her thin arms sinuously up over her head and lowering them rising on tiptoe and swinging first one leg and then the other in a smooth, wide arc. She stood, next, with feet a little apart, lifted her arms and bent very slowly backward until her hands touched the floor, then ran lightly on hands and feet in a circle as wide as the rug.

Next Miss Brown turned a handspring, as neatly and lightly as the most expert acrobat; then another; then a rapid series. She laid a sheet of note paper on the rug, stood on it, and threw a backward somersault alighting squarely on the paper. How the region of the paper had been really about all these years. At half-past 7 they would see her; here on the dim, wonderful stage!

She caught the five-forty out to sunbury, threw her dancing costume; then stage!

She caught the five-forty out to sunbury, threw her dancing costume; then stage!

She waited bour she waited then; and still yellow the wings.

Later the two men were there; the Russian beyond the wings.

Later the two men were there; the two men were there; still smown of the waited.

From a shadowy corner she waited, the waited then; and still yellow the wings.

Later the two men were there; still smown of the waited.

From a shadowy corner she waited then; and still yellow the wings.

Later the two men were there; still smown of the waited.

From a shadowy corner

Next Miss Brown turned a hand-spring, as neatly and lightly as the most expert acrobat: then another; then a rapid series. She laid a sheet of note paper on the rug, stood on it, and threw a backward somersault, alighting squarely on the paper. She amused herself next with a few dance steps of an intricate pattern and whythm

She now started the talking machine playing Tchaikowsky's "Marche Miniature," and leaped into a dance The steps were in a sense her own and steps remembered from childhood.

There were occasional crudenesses in the transitions from step to step and posture to posture, but her quick intelligence and amazingly alert activity covered these, actually converted them into character and color... As her breath came more quickly and her bright cheeks and sparkling eyes told of the hannings she found in this well take you into my company."

The languid pianist adnessed her as "My dear." The stender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, the proved to be Loupova herself.

"But just what is it you want?" 'My sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is beside herself with worry."

"Wy sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is beside herself with worry."

"Wy sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is beside herself with worry."

"My sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is it you want?"

"My sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is beside herself with worry."

"My sister-in-law gave up her work in the library last month, Mr. Jender woman in the coat of real Russian sables, who had applauded, it is beside herself with worry."

bright cheeks and sparkling eyes told of the happiness she found in this perfect physical freedom, her thin face took on a degree of clift beauty.

She danced a Strauss waltz, then one of the fox-trots her sister had complained of—a grotesque, made up of bounding jerky steps and lightning spins and pirouettes.

as a little girl, but poverty had come, and work. The sensitiveness of a thin, shy child had hardened into a for-bidding self-consciousness. She could never become reconciled to that wild

into her slender savings account to help with milkman and grocer, and then took to selling her small liberty bonds, one by one, at a loss.

With an intensity that seemed at times to be rising into a fever of the nerves. Miss Brown sought relief in her secret outlet. She developed new steps and transitions. Looking for a novel by Henry James in an obscure corner of the bookstack, she forgot herself and was nearly caught pirouetting, by two high-school boys. This frightened her.

Late in October the incomparable



WHEN THE SLIM LITTLE MASKED DANCER BOUNDED ON THE STAGE, MR. JENKINS EXPERIENCED A THRILL, THE LIKE OF WHICH HE

sion that enveloped her and illuminated all that was real in her curi-ously dual life. She found herself going, like one in a dream, up a lit-tered alley and knocking at a stage

Shaking with fright, she ventured on a few tentative steps; then, hardly aware of what she was doing, she clous living room and lighting one of the steps.

They talked excitedly afterward. The fatter man patted her shoulder. The languid pianist adwell take you into my company."

Miss Brown was silent. For the first time this evening she was uncomfortably aware of her unconven-

pired, a Mr. Gently. "I can get you vaudeville bookings in a minute, I'll pay you well—what do you say to two hundred and a half?"

"Two hundred and a half?"

"Two-fifty a week. And your raildord fares and hotel rooms. And a maid, if you want one. What's your name?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you that! I—I don't know that I could appear in public. I couldn't let people see me—"
Miss Brown was now in utter confusion.

"But really indeed!"

"No. I believe she spoke of some interesting traveling."

"Exactly!" George C. spoke with nervous emphasis. She left us in the dark, too—her sister and brother."

"Really. Indeed!"

"Really, you astonish me!"

"Don't I, though! We—my wife and I couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you you you sourself, Mr. Jenkins—" he couldn't have been more astonished if you yo comfortably aware of her unconventional costume.

"How about this?" It was the fatter man speaking. He was, it transposed in an old robe, Miss Brown sat moodily before the stove. Even her sister had forgotten how prettily she had danced as a little girl but poverty had come.

"But what on earth, Henrietta!

cious living room and lighting one of Mr. Jenkins' cigars.
"Oh, indeed? No trouble, I trust," murmured Mr. Jenkins, exhibiting a mildly polite interest.
"I have come to you because we need advice. My wife is beside herself with worry."

kins—"
"Yes, I remember. She spoke to me.
I offered her a letter, but—"
"First, then let me ask you—did she tell you what she was planning to

in the middle eighteen-nineties, as a thin, suave youth, with (it was felt, more money to spend than was good for him, he had on numerous occasions mildly distressed the transplated New Englandmainly composed the original

opulation of Sunbury. When the "augme population of Sunbury.
When the "augmented orchestra"
broke into the weirdly delightful opening measures of the "Marche Miniature."
by Tschaikowsky, and a slim little
masked dancer bounded on the stage—

she turned her shoulders to the waiting maid, who drew a wrap about her. Then she found her path blocked by the stout person of Mr.

"Just a minute, dear!" said he.
"Please let me by," she answered.
"No, I won't," he retorted. "Not

in the slightest of costumes, a bewitch-ingly grotesque little figure, softly and beautifully lighted and set out against a background of shimmering draperies— Mr. Jenkins experienced a thrill the like of which he could not remember in a swift glance back over his whole exist-ence.

ence.
The little person was at once exquisitely graceful, amazingly active, quaint. He thought of sprites and elves and hamadryads, of wet oak leaves glistening under a slanting

November sun.

"She's a true artist." Jenkins reflected. "—probably a Russian, or perhaps a Hungarian. Certainly no American or British person ever danced like that. In the abandon of that strange artistry spoke out the free spirit of a finely daring soul." And so little Miss Henrietta Brown was driven from his mind.

Mr. Jenkins had meant to watch during that next day in the post office, but it had abruptly become necessary to adapt the routine of his life to a new and great emotional

necessary to adapt the routine of his life to a new and great emotional experience. Accordingly he ran back to Chicago during the day to put his business house in order, and returned to spend the evening again at that vaudeville house.

After the performance, on the second evening of his great experience, Mr. Jenkins stood timidly. self-con-Mr. Jenkins stood timidly, self-con-Mr. Jenkins stood timidly, self-con-sciously, like a bewildered boy, with collar turned up and hat pulled down, in an alley doorway, and gazed out of a shining dream at a slim little person, who wore an impenetrable veil and stepped into a closed motor cab to be whisked off into the unfriendly

shy child had hardened into a forbidding self-consciousness. She could make the public I couldn't let people see me—Miss Brown was now in utter contuning self-consciousness. She could never become reconciled to that wild strain in her breast. It was bitterijk in her breast. It was bitterijk in her breast. It was bitterijk her.

Of recent years she had taken to arranging afternoons off and slipping into Chicago to see dancing. She slipped furtively into vaudeville houses.

Some days, he reflected, as she stared grimly at the redly glowing squares of mice in the stove door, they would find her out.

During this autumn the Batties fell on troubled ways. George C. caught in the general financial confusion that followed the war, gave out. Finally they carried him to a cot in the public ward of the Sunbury Hospital. His wife struggled against a rising wave of debt. Henrietta dipped into her slender savings account to help with milkman and grocer, and then took to selling her small libe.

With was now in utter contunity and there consciousness she culd now then that gentleman somewhat hurriedly. "Worse than that:"

"Yes!" George C. was beginning to enjoy the situation. "You see there has always been a side of Henrietta's nature that we couldn't quite get at and there was something queer about the evenings she spent in her study—locked in, mind you, with a talk-ing."

"Have you any knowledge as to where she is now?"

"Have you any knowledge as to where she is now?"

"Yes. I'm getting at that. Her existence. Through the mask her nearly indeed in the store of the applause from the great audiseretary to the Russian dancer. Loupova."

"Yes. I'm getting at that. Her existence. Through the mask her nearly indeed in the store of the stage and stood parting better. "Yes." "Yes." "George C. was beginning to chiof the restance of the situation. "You see there has always been a side of Henrieta's additing the store of the subtree of the stage and the very some share that we couldn't quite end."

"Have you any knowledge as to wher stood panting, behind draperies. With stairs," Henrietta was saying. "I'll un-States, applieding happily. Time and again she returned to sink on her heel in a curtsy that was in itself a little feat in delicate acrobatic bal-

buring a brief moment Miss Brown swayed, fighting silently for breath. Then, without a sound, she fled into the bedroom and bolted the door.

pess of an emotional boy, his name, his financial condition—more, indeed, than his neighbors in Sunbury would know until his will should be read. And he didn't so much as know her name!

The effect on Miss Brown was that of utter panic. Then Mr. Gentle was back, storming

Then Mr. Gende in past the maid.
"So you think you can insult him like that, en! Insult, him, me, everybody! After all I've done for you! God knows—
She sat white and still.
"Well." he cried, "what you got to say for yourself?"
"Nothing." It was hardly more than a whisper. "Mr. Gentle, I'm going

ome."
"Going? When?" 'Today—now."
'But good Gawd!"

"What will you take to release me?"
"Don't talk crazy; I can't release
ou. How can I? We're all booked
p. And we've got a fortune in sight
-money—real hard money!"
"You could release me if I were ill." 'Well, but-"I am ill. I want the contract back I'll pay you \$500 for it."

In the end the amazed Mr. Gentle had

to accept her offer.

GEORGE C. and his wife sat by the table that still bore the unwashed dinner dishes. Henrietta stood in the doorway, pale but otherwise natural, wearing her last

winter's topcoat and turban. "I put my bag down in the hall uppack as soon as I get back from the library. They'll hardly have my trunk here before morning." "Have you had anything to eat?"

asked George C. sternly. "I picked up a bite of supper in the Chicago station." "But what are we to think?" cried Mrs. George C. "What-are-we-to think?"

"It isn't that we don't appreciate all you've done," put in George C. "The "Suppose you just try keeping still?"
With which brisk remark little Miss
Brown stepped out and sharply closed

As she left the discordant household behind, her spirits quietly and unac-countably rose. The library building

## address for the following week—but always, 'Usernal Delivery' in a new sport list sat week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but always, 'Usernal Delivery' in a new sport list sat week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but always, 'Usernal Delivery' in a new sport list sat week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but always, 'Usernal Delivery' in a new sport list sat week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but always, 'Usernal Delivery' in a new sport list sat week in Milks always ("Feed and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies list week, and Kanasa (thy the form of the following week—but applies in the following week—but th

THE system was continued with good results until 1906, when the finger-print system was adopted in its stead. The finger-print system is superior to any other so far devised, in that it is quick, compact and permits of no error. The other system allowed errors of location of marks and errors of measurements, but the Then if you can take tomorrow off, a big show next year—play a Broad-finger-print system, as far as can be should be glad to drive you up there." way house. He jumped at it! We've discovered, is absolutely infallible.

During a brief moment Miss Brown swayed, fighting silently for breath. Then, without a sound, she fied into I the bedroom and bolted the door. Twenty minutes later the maid came in from the hail, through the other door, with a note.

"He's been sitting there, writing it." she explain about the five-dollar bill that was crumpled in her left hand.

Her fingers trembling, Miss Brown read a straightforward proposal of marriage. He told her, with the frankness of an emotional boy, his name, his financial condition—more, indeed, than his neighbors in Sunbury would know until his will should be read. And he didn't so much as know her mare.

stant use.

The first finger print record was received in the adjutant general's office on November, 10, 1906, and the first man to be identified by this method was a be identified by this method was a man who was enlisted January 22. 1907, at Columbus barracks, Ohio. He was identified six days later as a man who had been rejected at Jefferson barracks, Mo., on November 8, 1906, on account of an imperfection of vision.

One of the greatest advantages gained by the finger print system is the ease with which the applicant for pension can identify himself, after losing his discharge, or for any rea-

the ease with which the ease with the ease with which the ease with the ease

of the War Department is to be of practical value, is perfectly obvious. Without such a system, inspectors would have to go through the whole 5,000,000 records before they could be certain they did not have the finger prints of any given individual. Innumerable trials have been made with eemed to smile comfortably at her a view to fixing standards or types,

as an authority on finger prints, has many interesting stories to tell of the most articling cases that has come before officials of the identity section is that of a solider known to officials enlister." This man enlisted and deserted the things of the identity section is that of a solider known to officials are the solid prints of the identity section is that of a solider known to officials and the tendency that the re-enlist and deserted the prints before finally identified and interned.

In the world war, said countries of the large price paid by individuals for substitutes amount even in the world war, said countries or the large price paid by individuals for substitutes amount even in the world war, said countries or the large price paid by individuals for substitutes amount even thousands of dollars, men would enlist and the solid price price paid by individuals for substitutes amount of large price paid by individuals for substitutes amount of the arch, loop and whold are found as a many of the results and seal in desert, then re-enlist and observed. The particle was the hard to be a substitute of the arch, loop and whold are found to the price paid by individuals for substitutes amount of large price paid by individuals for substitutes amount of large price paid by individuals for substitutes and the price paid by i

## How to Pick a Husband

By Ring W. Lardner.

"Then if you can take tomorrow off. I should be giad to drive you up there."

"I decided not to consult with you you've had enough on you'm mind."

"But where are you going?"

"Then if you can take tomorrow off. I should be giad to drive you up there."

"But where are you going?"

"Then if you can take tomorrow off. I should be giad to drive you up there."

"But where are you going?"

"Where?"

"Where are you going?"

"When if you can take tomorrow off. I should be giad to drive you up there."

"But what is the job?"

"When if you can take tomorrow off. I should be giad to drive you up there."

"Now, just you go it easy. I'm only bringing him up to your result when and sent them of your reserved in the constraint on the skin of the two of the two of years preceding.

"Who to? Henrietta, it seems to who do be quiet. Do you think I'm not old enough to take care of I'm to the principal hotels of I'm to told enough to take care of I'm to the giad to drive you up there."

"All and the place of the scene in the many had a say the says the says the says the soft to meet you. So I told itim—

"Now, Just you go it easy. I'm only bringing him up to your result when the constraint on the skin was transferred in the skin was transferred and conversion of the evening was a fever, the night a worse than sleepless horror.

"Now, do be quiet. Do you think I'm not old enough to take care of I'm to the feathless exclamation she tered at any of the principal hotels of I'm to the feathless exclamation she to the skin was transferred in the says he's got to meet you. So I told itim—

"Now, Just you go it easy. I'm only to your result was found among the debris."

"Now, Just you go it easy. I'm only to your start of the constants not having in the room of the 2 contestants not having in the room of the 2 contestants not having in the room of the 2 contestants not having in the room of the 2 contestants not having in the room of the 2 contestants not Milwawice. At the general delivery window in the seperal delivery window into fur coat, had fet the cold during the long ride up, and was now sneezing. Mr. Jenkins senthim home on an afternoon train; and him home on the home of the home of the home of a soldier whome of a soldier



AN ENGAGED COUPLE HAS A AN ENGAGED COUPLE HAS A says, "I'll get out of your way," when he ain't in nobody's way.

THE finger print records of the War Department have many times proved of assistance to the police in apprehending and identifying criminals, but they have also proved valuable in freeing innocent persons who through circumstantial evidence had become involved in criminal cases.

Shortly after a trunk murder mystery

become involved in criminal cases. Shortly after a trunk murder mystery came to light in Detroit last year, finger print records were received in Washington of a man who was suspected of having billed a woman and shipped her body in a trunk from Detroit to New York. The man suspected answered the description, even to a broken nose, of a man whom the police had every reason to believe had committed the crime. It was known that the probable murderer had served in the Army and the War Department was asked to decide whether the man held by the police was the mone toward whom all evidence pointed as guilty. Within a few minutes identity experts were able to prove conclusively that the man about to be sentenced for murder was not the person sought.

That some system of classification must be employed if an enormous columns to each of the course, you can find out all they is to know about him by applying the following rules which I have compiled must be employed if an enormous columns to each of the mone toward whom as that the person sought.

The man that makes the ideal husband is the man that can play golf or leave it alone and it don't make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays good or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays golf or leave it alone and it don't make no differents if he plays golf or leave it alone and it don't make no differents if he plays golf or leave it alone and it don't make no differents if he plays golf or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no differents if he plays golf or leave it alone and it don't make no differents if he plays golf or rotten, he is always sunny and bright make no dif person sought.

That some system of classification must be employed if an enormous collection of finger prints, such as that of the War Department is to be of the war Department is the war Department is to be of the war Department is the war Department is the war Department is the war Department is the war De ferent types who I have played with and not only watched them on the golf course but in the misery of their own

> DON'T put a man down as a bad prospect because he is a absent-

O the Editor. The main reason minded golfer and looses track of

has went in the rough and lose his ball and hunts for it 6 minutes. and then he says, "I guess I better drop another ball," but he don't make no move to drop another ball and keeps on hunting for the old ball and if he misses a shot he asks everybody, "What did I do that time?" and when he finely gets on the green he asks the caddy how many shots he has had. This guy don't know how to spell sincere and if he says we will go in town some night next wk. and see a show they's no need for the wife to begin worrying about what to wear as she ain't going nowheres.

DON'T marry the man that shoots out of turn and acts like they wasn't nobody else on the golf course and after he has missed one putt he putts again when it ain't his putt and

This guy is what they call self centered and he will probably make money and be a good provider and be stuck on his wife because she is his, but not so stuck on her that he won't raise he-ll if she trumps his trick. These birds is dangerous and fools

THE man that makes the ideal hus-

gals to go after and the only trouble is that they's only 2 of them in existents and one of them is what some people calls a writer and he lives here in Great Neck and has all ready got plenty of wife and children and the other is a man that lives in Boston and may be eligible after a wife but just now his wife is sewing him for a divorce. RING W. LARDNER.